struggling to exist with you and without you

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struggling to exist with you and without you

by trashbambi

Summary

The sea rocked their safe haven in it’s swollen embrace. The waves crashing against the hull and rain pounding on the deck above was all that could be heard down in the questionable safety of the cabin. For the third night in a row Will lay, restless, in his bunk.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The sea rocked their safe haven in it’s swollen embrace. The waves crashing against the hull and rain pounding on the deck above was all that could be heard down in the questionable safety of the cabin. For the third night in a row Will lay, restless, in his bunk.

He had to brace himself each time the ill tempered ocean threatened to throw him to the floor, getting little sleep. Hannibal lay silent in the bunk across the walkway, turned toward Will and watching him.

Chiyoh had plucked them from the icy Atlantic, though left the moment it became apparent that they could survive on their own. They made their way down the coast, out into international waters, toward freedom. Though how free they’d ever be, pursued by Jack’s dogged determination to re-catch Hannibal, remained to be seen.

Will had come to the conclusion a while ago now that there was little point fighting Hannibal, or anything that linked them. He was, however, furious at him. If it weren't for the gash in his healing cheek, he would be spitting vitriol. As it was, it was still too painful and Will too bone tired to do much speaking.

Hannibal was on a constant low grade trip from the medication he was taking for the gunshot wound that had nicked his intestines. A combination of heavy duty antibiotics and strong painkillers. Will doubted he had the presence of mind to string together a sentence at his usual level of eloquence. They’d barely spoken since they’d clawed their way back to consciousness, a tired word here and a barked instruction there. Little meaningful conversation passed between them since Will had pitched them over the cliff.

Will turned his head to look at Hannibal. The electric lamp swinging from the ceiling cast jagged and uneven shadows across the parts of them not shrouded in shadow. Will had thought there was nothing left to be angry at Hannibal for, that there were no more secrets to hide. But it seemed there were still many things waiting to jump out at him from the dark halls of Hannibal’s mind palace.

The most recent revelation had come the first time Will had helped to change Hannibal’s bandages. The partially scarred mark peeking out from under the edge of the Verger brand. The copy of a mark, though marred by scars, that had haunted Will all his life.

Most people were enthusiastic about having a soulmate. Someone who was a perfect match for them in all things, the other half of their very being. Will had dreaded it. He knew what lay in his mind, and anyone matched to him would be equally as twisted and rotten inside. The small black mark on his back, like antlers on a proud old stag; tined and twisting, had weighed on his mind since he’d been old enough to understand himself.

While it was impossible to see his own, he'd seen photographs of it soon after he’d had the ‘soulmate talk’ in school. There was no mistaking the familiar twist of each point to the mark, despite it's half mangled appearance.

Hannibal Lecter was his soulmate.

Will Graham was soul bonded to the very monster he'd tried so hard to resist.

At least that explained his inability to separate himself from Hannibal. When Will had found the mark on Hannibal's skin, he'd asked if Hannibal knew who his soulmate was. Hannibal gave a lethargic nod in return and the most lucid sentence he'd uttered in days.

"I suspected as soon as I met you. I was drawn to you more than anyone I'd ever encountered. The first time you were… unconscious in my presence, I caved to temptation and checked for your mark." Hannibal had told him. There was no need to hide Hannibal's trespass against Will's body. He'd done much worse over the years that they'd been tangling themselves together.

The sea pitched particularly hard and Will was forced from his bed with a pained grunt. He grit his teeth against the pain in his shoulder, which intensified the pain in his cheek, and stood. Bracing himself against the top of the bunk for a moment, Will stared down at the half of Hannibal's face he could see.

If they were going to die in this wretched, unending storm, then Will would at least die in the arms of his soulmate. He'd have at least tasted his lips and felt the close press of their bodies. Will's face twisted into a resistant scowl for a moment before it crumpled, and he climbed in beside Hannibal.

He refused to die without knowing at least a little peace.

End Notes

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